Dear Jim, White

11/15/74

It occurs to me that my ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ making no mention of your comment on the opinion Waldron gave me may be misunderstood. I took it as you did, without thinking it through as you did. I have never been unaware of it. I suppose the closest thing to an answer is that I made the basic decision years ago and really no longer give it any thought.

When that craziness with Livingston started early in April to Lesar's knowledge, a few days earlier in actuality, as soon as Lesar was alone he phoned me from Houston on the assumption it was intended that I make the reading, not Livingston. Lesar then believed that the danger was to me because nothing else made sense. In my view he new shares it and I have seen to it that he is not unaware of it.

With Martin I can go farthur than your apt generalization. I also had not stopped to think that most reporters temporarily or permanently identify with the establishment. Not only must it be so, for otherwise they'd be doing something else, but with your reminded I recall many agonizings. Including on t is last trip, that recently.

There are those who resist, as you know. And I know some who do, to the degree they can. I include Martin among these. He does what he must but he also tries more. (Thus with WWIV I'm dealing with a state editor rather than a national desk, on the theory that a resident of Maryland doing something is logit state news and with the certainty of the prejudice of the national desk, where the syndrome is more acute.)

With Martin I go farthur. I do not discount your words. I believe he knows his territory as well as anyone, if not better than almost anyone else. And for four years there has been an addition to interests in me from within his territory.

If I'd thought he had any specifics in mind I'd have asked. I do. Four within his territory and a fifth at least on the opposite end. That padron recently went to his reward. But on this last trip I also found paths going fairly straight to his turf.

What Martin was, in my opinion, addressing is a specific. Not the generality of what the overall of my work means. What he was then seeing. It was clear enough. And I doubt he was unaware of the inquiries being made.

You do read my tactic correctly. I consider it a strategy. And I see no real choice.

What is probably not apparent is that this kind of life is not new to me. In the summer of 1936 when I was looking into labor sysying in Cleveland I worked my way through the coding of the books of an outfit calling itself the Corporations Auxiliary Co. and correctly figured that the particular client for its services was Chrysler. Within a day I received a very, very good offer fromChrysler. I was then making $30 a week. No more. And I declined the offer without taking time to think. So, I guess the basic decision was made without any thought at all. Simultaneously I correctly figured out that the regional director of the Labor Board was a fink. And so reported promptly. These two incidents of almost the same day triggered a series of events that were the beginning of my education in such matters.

First, withmy investigation not completed, I was shifted to another in Akron. There also things startea happening. Beginning with quotations in the papers of things I'd not said that resulted in an immediate recall. I was accompanied by an older man, then general counsel for the Rubber Workers, I liked him personally and trusted him but it soon turned out that he, too, was a fink. My one accomplishment of that Akron period was the beginning of exposure of fake citizens' committees, that particular one a Hill & Knowlton job. I did it on my own, before I could be stopped, starting a chain that lead high up, through and past the Iron and Steel Institute. But I was yanked, and I was quite bewildered. And as luck would have it, did have a single friend, a much older manI hardly knew.

Resumed just before mail time 11/16/74

I will continue with where I left off when I had to leave for Washington yesterday morning because I think some of these early experiences may interest you. Remember, I was just a kid then and it was, as I now look back on it, part of a very special education. It is these and subsequent experiences that incluence my conscious and unconscious thought today.

Last night was full of phoned interruptions, none any I wanted or needed. Mostly avout what I'm told is a friendly article in The Village Voice. That and something over 50¢ will get me a gallon of gas.

The issue joined with Bud is, as my enclosures do not indicated, deliberatel I knew that his sick ego would not permit him to admit to himself that he made the gross-sest misjudgement in declining to authorize an obviously needed investigation even when he has thrice used the work that I know he will recall and I do. I also know that he is incredibly cheap, more so for a man rich by birth, not accomplishment.

This and what it means and the playboy attitude toward the case has to end. Once we were past the hearing that he fucked up incredibly despite the good record Jim and I really made was the time to have it out.

And it is not by any means only that I refuse to accept any more of this personal abuse. I could and I would. It is years long. It is that I want to win this case and want what it can mean. It may be impossible unless Bud changes. That is improbable because the reasons for his wrong ways are emotional, egotistical. He is sick.

Thus it is probable that he or I will be out of the case. I'm torn on this because I'd rather be doing other work. But Jim can't handle it alone.

The worst part of the Playboy business is not on paper. The writer has already made an approach on helping the defense. Bud knows this because I had to tell him. He thus also knows that if they decide to do it he is not at all necessary to the case. I would suppose that the odds are against it even if McKinley is influential there. And there is what Bud does not know about, a deal for a joint interview with Jim and me to be the second article. It is, I believe, conditional upon the first. And there is no reasonable objection to the first. Nother can it be used to take the iniative and that quite properly and within the legal norms.

But the real issue is success. Bud was supposed to have opened this hearing with two motions, one for dismissal of all charges on the basis of provable and since proven irremedial violation of Ray Constitutional rights. My proof is overwhelming. The second was to have been - and his partner prepared it - a motion on all surveillance of the defense team. You may recall that I laid the basis in the judge's mind with the use of the convenient opportunity Henry Haile gave me. He never discussed that he would not do this. He merely didn't. This was worse than cowardice. It was defeatism. We lost nothing by being turned down. It is within the mandate of the 6th circuit. It could have given all the finks and the judge the out they all need. And worse, it put us on the defensive throughout the entire hearing, with the record siffering and the possibility of the State's pulling shagetting away with all sorts of dishonesties and leaving the record with them in a way that can have very bad consequences.

In fact, when this became apparent in addition to starting work on the trial before I left Memphis I made arrangements with two top lawyers there, one civil and the other criminal in specialty, for expositions of applicable law and legal thinking that Lesar now has, having gotten it from both, complete with citations, the morning after Budx left.

So, I expect Jim to include these motions in the papers he will draft. And mx to give Bud a very hard time if he opposes it or dilutes it.

Can you understand what it could have meant for there to have been a court order for a full disclosure of all surveillance when I have proofs in hand?

Or what it means for this yellow-livered playboy to have thrown it away?

The whole thing is worse than Ellsberg and we had enough major-media there. All three nets, the Times, LA Times and the Post and both wire services, punk as were the latter two specimens.

I hope I am not proud with justification of my performance despite these worries and handicaps and a violent and successful fight to prevent a copout the night of 10/18, but it showed to the perceptive eyes of total strangers. I've mentioned Martin. Yesterday I received an eight-line note from Nick Chriss, shorter because it is four grafs. This is about a third of it,"I'm glad we got together for a drink in Memphis before anyone split off. I thought you needed to relax a little, and I'm glad you enjoyed yourself." (He concludes with a personal compliment.) Martin saw it, Nick did, and I'd never seen either before. So, it showed.

When the State and the Memphis establishment couldn't read me during discovery, and it was a really rough deal, this gives me a reading on myself. And what is required.

What is required means making an effort to ease the load a bit. The trial will be much worse, much harder, much, ever so much, more dangerous.

More so because it isn't and can't be secret that I've made inroads into "the other side." There was retaliation against the lawyer who befriended me, as I've told you.

~~This Haile was so upset he grew so much of that. That he felt Bud's (accidental) presence, "You're the one I want."~~

Haile's desparation grew so great that in the presence of a witness (Bud's, by accident as he awaited a cab and I the Pepper family, which had scrammed) that Haile said out loud, "You're the one I want."

He still does.

And this is where I began when I had to leave for a new teeth crown and new lenses and what I could improvise besides this short meeting with Bud. Included is a mention in the publication of the Reporters' Committee on Freedom of the Press and selling 500 copies of the new book to the District's major distributor, if you saw the Potomac article, District News. Even arranging free delivery through a picket line. Of truck drivers.

So, despite these pressures, I can still operate. But the pressures are building too much and I have to address them. I do it my way, what is natural for me. If I try artificialities or compromises I am lost.

I don't think I'm just and angry old bastard.

And there are also rather heavy other pressures with which I have to contend.

Much more than just tiredness.

The mail has come and I must attend to it.

11/17 Developments in yesterday's mail drove this recollection from mind and interest. I ought not leave you in suspense about the one man who has faith in me. He was sort of a National Labor Relations Board troubleshooter and an unofficial advisor to this committee, where he was respected because of his earlier work with the Interchurch World Movement. Mormon. Heber Blankenhorn. Blank alone had the vision to see what I'd seen, these fake "citizens' committees" as the replacement of nobles, finks and strikebreakers, Hill & Knowlton for the Pearl (man) Berghoffs, Pinkertons, etc. And my evaluation of the fink within his home. Proven by others a year later. Perhaps this was my earliest experience with being frames and with physical danger. I was exposing killers and these guys were their white-collared fronts.

In any event, I'm not unmindful, not frightened, if not quite never then rarely concerned and when I give the situation thought it is in terms of personal and files survival. My learning that an honest man without power can survive against the corrupt powerful began when Martin Dies' outfit framed me. They haven't printed my testimony! I investigated them. And you know about the grand jury. These were pretty tough characters, too, and I then lived in what even then was a ghetto, 3 & H NW.

In any event, I have no real alternative, not while I remain able anyway. I look around and see nobody doing what I am and only two with whom I've associated who have learned how, one currently unable to do anything, the other too busy to do other than he does. And I see the need. So I also see nothing else. No choice.

Best regards,